



My Happy Place



👁 20 ✓ 0 ★ 2

Chapter 1 by Dovalord

You know how people always daydream that they're something they aren't? Like kids playing make-believe. Yeah, see, when I do that, it actually happens to me. I'm not saying that I just imagine it vividly. I mean I'm actually fucking in the situation. For example; I imagine that I'm a spy for the CIA, on a mission in Moscow, spying on the KGB. Except, I was captured, and am now sitting in a chair in my underclothes, tied to it and looking into the face of a barely illuminated man.

"Who are you?" A heavy Russian accent asks me.

"The man who took your mother to a nice dinner." I replied. I get a fist in my jaw for being a smart-ass.

"Funny, considering she died in a gulag. Who are you?" The man asked again.

"You think it's funny? Well, where do you think I found her?" I answered. Another punch to my face.

"I know you are American. That much is obvious. But why are you here?"

The Russian asked again.

"You should have seen the date," I answered, ignoring the actual question, "We had candles, pasta, and afterwards, I skull-fucked her! Get it? Skull-fucked. Cuz that's all that's left?" I tried to tug for a response. A flurry of blows came my way. One knocked the wind out of me. Another knocked a tooth loose. The Russian held up his hand.

"One last chance, American. Who do you work for?" The Russian pulled out a pistol. I spat out blood to clear my throat.

"Pah! Ruskies have no sense of humor. Alright, you got me. I work for the Association of Escape Artists!" I yelled, showing my now free hands.

"What the..." The Russian started, but I interrupted him, "I'm not lying, I'm telling the truth." I reached for my gun and disarmed him. Before he could wipe the shocked look from his face, I had him by the throat. I closed my eyes and taking a deep breath, I left my subconscious.

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

When I say it really happened, I mean that I take some of it back with me. Not all of it, thank God, but a physical sign that something happened. This time around, I had a bruise on my jaw. A big one, too. I was hoping for a scar, like the usual takeaway.

That is what I mean by it really fucking happens.

Write a draft for chapter 2 of 8 (1 draft)

i You need to login before writing - [click here](#)

Continue the story

☐ Flag as mature

☐ receive feedback

Submit draft

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) | [f](#) [i](#) [t](#)

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account